

The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

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QUIETNESS

"Be Still and know that I am God"
That I who made and gave thee life
Will lead thy faltering steps aright;
That I who see each sparrow's fall
Will hear and heed thy earnest call.
I am God.

"Be Still and know that I am God"
When aching burdens crush thy heart,
Then know I form thee for thy part
And purpose in the plan I hold.
Thou art the clay that I would mold.
Trust in God.

—Doran.

THE VOICE OF JOY AND PRAISE

Is our own life worth living? If it is, will it not be chiefly so on account of our personal relations to God and to our fellow-creatures? If we take pains to weigh these in the balance, we have at once a reason for gratitude that we are alive this Thanksgiving season. Our remedy for loneliness and sorrow is in this field. Suppose we had been cast ashore, like Robinson Crusoe, on some remote and lonely island, how could we attain a soul for thankfulness except by cultivating relations with the lower creatures and with Man Friday when he arrived?

There are three attitudes toward life: that of the disheartened and despairing, of whom so many suicides have come to our notice; that of the indifferent, those who merely take life as they find it, like treadmill walkers, who never even dream that they are going anywhere; and that of the thankful-hearted, who, when they stop to think, find in the mere fact that they are alive a cause for thankfulness.

That child who comes dancing down the street, that mother with her flock around her at the eventide, that busy man or woman who has a task to perform or an ambition to fulfil, does not have to be argued into the conviction that life is worth living; that it is a gift for which we may be thankful. Thankful-heartedness is a result of active living. It shows that we are alive and are fitting ourselves into our place in a world of personal activities and personal relations.

It shows us that we are making progress with the education for which our experience in the world was designed. We should as growing creatures be thankful that we are at school. And this means that we may be thankful for some experience which at the moment seems almost unendurable, some hours that are spent in the bitter companionship of sorrow. Our education is a process, a journey, not a standing-still. We who have spent years on the earth can often in looking back discern that we have reason for thanksgiving on account of some experiences which we resented when they came. And that remembrance may help us when we face our present sorrow. Are not these trials part of our education—a necessary stage in our advance toward the degree of perfected character toward which we are headed? And shall we be content to miss any experience which is an essential step in our education?

I found recently in the notebook of a friend this rather quaint but thought-provoking list of grounds for thanksgiving. It might help us to enlarge the fields in which the thankful spirit moves. "I am very thankful," the speaker said, "for the friends who have forgiven me; for the enemies who have made me cau-

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tious; for the emergencies which have made me think; for the difficulties which have made me struggle; for the hardships that have made me strong; for the disappointments that have made me try harder; for the doubts that have made me sturdy."

That is a list of grounds for giving thanks by one who means to learn from life and does not expect that all its lessons will be easy. He had passed beyond the primer class and the gay expectations of childhood. And yet he had the childhood quality of the forward look, of the child's faith in guidance and leadership which made Christ say, "Except ye become as little children, ye may not enter into the kingdom of heaven." And this is the confidence we need at every age. We must learn to say with David, "Thy rod and thy staff (not one, but both) they comfort me."

A secret of a continual thanksgiving is this forward look of faith. It is the blossom on the ever-growing stalk of faithfulness. How much it adds to our sense of the primacy of duty, such as that of Wellington, "There is little or nothing in this life worth living for, but we can all of us go straight forward and do our duty." We may have a larger uplifting of the heart than that. We may say with Nehemiah when he restored Jerusalem, "Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions for whom nothing is prepared; for this day is holy unto our Lord; neither be ye sorry, for the joy of the Lord is your strength." Out of the experience of maturer Christians Matthew Henry spoke when he said, "In these disappointments which to us are very grievous, God

has often designs which are very gracious." And why not anticipate the graciousness instead of giving way to perpetual grieving over the loss?

—By Isaac Ogden Rankin
in *Boston Transcript*.

PRAYER FOR TODAY

Almighty God, we bring Thee the adoration of our hearts for Thou alone art worthy of our worship. At all times and under all circumstances Thy creatures need Thee. Thou art the indispensable Reality, the consciousness of Thy presence diminishes our sorrows and heightens our joys. To know Thee is life, abundant and eternal.

In periods of special stress our need of Thee seems greater as in the midst of such universal unrest and bewilderment as confronts mankind today we look in vain for help from any other source. We pray therefore that Thou wilt incline the hearts of men everywhere to seek Thy face and endeavor to do Thy will.

Give us the wisdom Thou hast promised to those who seek it, that we may apply the accumulated knowledge of the centuries to the problems of our day. Give us the courage to face life as we find it, with open minds, hopeful hearts, and the confidence born of faith that there is a glorious divine consummation toward which the whole creation moves. Teach us that the law of love undergirds all the other laws of the universe; that obedience to law is liberty, and obedience to Thee is life.

Save our civilization and culture from the menace and madness of war and convince all nations, races and creeds that selfishness is the negation of human happiness and sin has in it the seed of death. Advance, we beseech Thee, the interests of Thy Kingdom throughout the habitable globe, until all men shall become brothers indeed because of the knowledge and experience of Thyself as a universal Father, through Jesus Christ Thy Son and our Savior. Amen!

—Harold Major, D.D.

SPITSBERGEN—A FAIRY COUNTRY

The sun shone pale; on our starboard bow at a distance of a few yards appeared an almost constant fog-bow of rainbow colors. The first northern puffin (*fratercula arctica naumanni*) now appeared, flying inquisitively round our bows, and a little later some Arctic terns (*sterna paradisæa*) flew daintily past. Until three o'clock in the afternoon we felt our way northward through a fog-bound ocean. Then the mist mantle magically lifted, and we found ourselves about a dozen miles off the entrance to Ice Fjord.

The wondrous beauty of that first view of Spitsbergen is not easily described. Northward there rose from the horizon the snow-encrusted spires of Prince Charles Foreland. East, the mainland of Spitsbergen, a land of pointed hills still deep-buried beneath their winter mantle, was flooded with the pale light of the Arctic sun. Everywhere in the heavens was blue sky without a single cloud. This blue of the Arctic sky is altogether a color by itself; words cannot well describe it. The clearness of the air is, perhaps, the most wonderful thing. In its distances are deceptive; far-away hills seem near, though, of a truth, ethereal things.

As we approached the entrance to Ice Fjord the breeze had entirely dropped. In the midsummer sunshine the deep and placid waters of this huge inlet, from which, on either shore, snowy peaks rose majestically, seemed to us, after days of wind and rain, a fairy world. Everything about Ice Fjord is on so vast a scale. The fjord itself, if one includes its most far-reaching branch, cuts its way into the land for a distance of no less than seventy miles!

One expected these hills of Ice Fjord to be snow-capped, but, this twenty-fifth day of June, to see them clad in spotless white down to sea level was an unlooked-for experience. Yet thus it was, on the north side of Ice Fjord especially, and, of such a brightness was the snow, it was trying to the eye to gaze long at the white expanse. Here and there great

glaciers crept down the valleys, reaching to the sea itself and giving the curious optical illusion of belts of pearly mist lying low above the glens. This curious effect I noticed on more than one occasion during the subsequent fine weather, especially when the sun was veiled by light clouds. . . .

In the sunlight these snowy slopes were of a soft primrose color. Where rocks were showing they were either dark and grim or else of a deep and strikingly beautiful plum-color. Indeed, none save those who have actually seen Spitsbergen can form any idea of the curious and distinctive charm of this fairy country—for it at times appears as a land of dreams, unreal and intangible. Even the air is different from that of the northern Norwegian coast. It is, as I have said, of an extraordinary clearness, yet the atmosphere is delightfully soft, and the sky is of a delicate blue that has no hardness in it. This soft and pleasing sky is curious when contrasted with the great array of peaks, snowclad and inscrutable.
—From "*Amid Snowy Wastes*,"

Whichever way the wind doth blow
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.
My little craft sails not alone;
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas;
And what for me were favoring breeze
Might dash another, with the shock
Of doom, upon some hidden rock.
And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way,
But leave it to a Higher Will
To stay or speed me; trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail
Whatever breezes may prevail
To land me, every peril past,
Within His sheltering Heaven at last.
Then whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so;
And blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.
—Caroline Atherton Mason.

CORRESPONDENTS AND APPEALS

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Laura M. Hurst, 78 Penfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

Persons writing to the Department for the first time should ask for an enrollment blank and give as reference the name and address of their minister.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice should be sent to Headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., and to those persons who have been sending letters and reading matter.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of its magazine by addressing letters asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who disobeys this rule will be dropped from the list, and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by the Central Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to the Chairman of this Department.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

CHEERFUL LETTER WORKERS

Cheerful Letter chairmen are urged to acquaint themselves with the following policy. The Department has received very few letters regarding the adoption of any of the shut-ins appearing in the January or February numbers. This part of the work warrants your attention and we suggest that you add another correspondent to your own list or find someone in your branch who will be willing to carry on a regular correspondence. Our friendly letters mean a great deal to many of our shut-ins and also help to educate in many ways.

CORRESPONDENTS

Following is another group of shut-ins writing for a *regular correspondent*. They may be adopted as such, after post-card consultation with Mrs. Laura M. Hurst, 78 Penfield Street, Roslindale, Mass. This should be done in order to avoid duplication in arranging for regular correspondents and it might be well to make a second choice. In adopting any of these shut-ins please co-operate with your local chairman who in turn will get in touch with Mrs. Hurst.

1. Mr. and Mrs. C. Presley Thornton, Pera, Va., enjoy the social and interesting contacts which are made through letter writing, and are very anxious to find some person who would care to exchange the little happenings and experiences of daily life with them. Their 15-month-old daughter is a source of

great comfort to their otherwise lonely existence.

2. I am a young woman, 30 years old, and keep house for my father. Since my mother's death several years ago, we have been very unhappy and have come to the *Cheerful Letter* for solace and encouragement. Won't someone please write to us? Miss Etta Miller, Brandon, N. C.

3. Miss Enid Watson, Rupert, Ark., lives way back in the mountains, 24 miles from the nearest town and 45 miles from a railroad. She is eager to get in touch with the outside world, and longs for a correspondent, and also some stamped pieces, lace or puzzles.

4. Our neighborhood is sparsely settled, and we do not have but one small school library. I would like some sewing materials and good reading matter for

pastimes. While my little girl is in school, I have considerable time on my hands and I should appreciate a "pen friend." Mrs. Ray Denney, Grayson, N. C.

5. Mrs. Edna Bonds, Clinton, Ark., in asking for a correspondent, tells us that her 8-year-old son has been afflicted all his life with epileptic fits which keeps her shut in most of the time. Her husband works away from home from early morning till late at night. She lives at the edge of a small town surrounded by huge mountains covered with forests of evergreens, pines and cedars.

6. I wish someone would send me old stockings to make into hooked rugs, and picture books for the baby. It is beautiful here in the hills, but after the sun has set, the evenings are long and dull. I would enjoy friendly letters, and literature for my Sunday School class. Mrs. Bessie Harmon, Dennard, Ark.

7. Mrs. Ida Brown, R.F.D. 1, Leaks-ville, N. C., is kept busy looking after her large family of twelve children, eight of whom are girls. She would be extremely grateful for magazines and embroidery work, and above all, a few words of cheer to encourage a tired mother after a hard day's work.

8. I can hardly tell you how thankful I would be to hear from some dear member as I live in a very quiet neighborhood, and a lonesome old place it is. I have two little sons, 3 and 1 years old, and in my leisure time I should like to read and do fancy work. Mrs. Walter Miller, Apple Grove, N. C.

APPEALS

It is good to feel that our kind of sunshine is needed and these appeals are the proof. Letters are received every month seeking our help and we ask you to spread a little cheer whenever possible. These are not to be taken as *regular correspondents* and need not be answered a second time.

1. Miss Elma Johnson, Rt. 1, Decatur, Tenn., writes that it is very lonely and depressing where she lives. She likes to read and sew, and would love to get

embroidery material and magazines to cheer her during the cold winter days, when it is difficult to get to town and church.

2. My husband works on relief, and I would appreciate amusements for the children, Ethel 6 and Lewis 4 years old. If anyone has any sewing material, bits of embroidery thread or books, I should be delighted if you will send them along to Mrs. Pearl Carter, Rt. 1, Box 23, Buena Vista, Va.

3. The Lord has blessed me and my poor husband with nine children but only seven of them are at home, and I am in very bad shape now. One girl is married and the oldest boy is a man of his own. School materials, story books for all of us, and flour bags would be most helpful. Mrs. Dessie Evans, c/o Mrs. G. W. Shaffer, Rt. 2, Sandy Ridge, N. C.

4. Mrs. Mary E. Thacker, Mineral, Va., has been a member of the *Cheerful Letter Exchange* for many years. She lives in a very quiet community where there is not much visiting back and forth, and her own people live too far away to see often. Her 16-year-old son would like jig-saw puzzles and her daughter, Virginia, is fond of knitting and crocheting.

5. I am a widow with seven grown-up children residing in a farming section, 16 miles from town. I attend church often in the warm months but seldom in winter because of bad health. If I could have just a few pieces of lace and ribbon and old magazines, I should be most appreciative. Mrs. Lessie B. Rea, Spencer, Va.

6. Mrs. Thomas Williams, Bassetts, Va., is a young mother with four little ones who keep her tied down. Her chief interest outside her home is the church which means a great deal to her. Scrap-books, reading matter and sewing materials would be useful to keep her nimble fingers at work.

7. I should be so happy to receive pictures to dress up my home which I try to keep as neat as I can. I have an embroidered quilt top started, but

haven't enough thread to finish it. My husband works hard to provide a good home for me and our 2-year-old daughter, but we do not have many of the little things which help to make a house cheery and comfortable. Mrs. Luther R. Bills, c/o G. C. Reese, Rt. 1, Box 127, Malakoff, Tex.

8. Mrs. A. M. Ashley, Warrensville, N. C., would be awfully glad to get stamped pieces, thread and sugar sacks, as she is a great sewer and likes to be busy. The two youngest children, 9 and 14, would be grateful for books, pencils and paper to help them in their school-work.

9. It has been a long time since I have heard from the *Cheerful Letter*. I am now keeping house and I thought it would be nice if some of my dear friends would send good reading for myself and husband, also plain sewing, and toys for our little baby. We are so lonesome and restricted in this rough mountainous country. Mrs. Irene Johnson, Rugby, Va.

10. Mrs. Willie Grady, Rt. 3, Spencer, Va., asks to have her two boys, 14 and 16 years of age, remembered with suitable reading material and jig-saw puzzles. For herself and husband she mentions magazines and knitting. Just any kind of cheer that one feels inclined to give will be welcome.

11. Would you care to gladden the heart of a lonely widow who has reared three boys and six girls, the youngest now 20 years old? I regret that I cannot get to church very often because it is 8 miles away and I have no way to go. I am eager for something to read and for handiwork. Mrs. Mary Bridges, Tilly, Ark.

12. Mrs. B. T. Walters, Rt. 1, Box 89, Athens, Tex., desires reading matter and scrapbooks for her husband who has high blood pressure. She lives in a rural wooded section, 10 miles from any center. Her 16-year-old boy rides 5 miles in the school bus. She shares her home with a widowed daughter and three children.

13. I would be glad to receive good

books and anything to help my little boy, 10 years old, in his schoolwork. We are both very disconsolate as we were left alone in this world when my dear husband passed away leaving us to share our troubles alone. So you see, anything that you can do to brighten our sorrowful lives will be appreciated. Mrs. Lillie I. Howard, 902 N. Jackson St., Palestine, Tex.

A PRAYER

The baker paused and shook his puzzled head:

"No,—I? Why no, for many a weary day I am too busy—no, I never pray!

My job in life, you see, is making bread. I try to earn my living, and," he said,

"I give good measure to the loaf and pay The workmen well for every honest day— But I'm too tired to pray, when once in bed.

Perhaps some kindly act will count for me;

The stolen loaf I said I did not see,

The windows built to give my workmen air—

I try to think in this unspoken way

The soul of me does speak—and even pray,

And God will listen to my silent prayer."

—*Madeline Masters Stone.*

... No man can ever go forward to a higher belief until he is true to the faith which he already holds. Be the noblest man that your present faith, poor and weak and imperfect as it is, can make you to be. Live up to your present growth, your present faith. So, and so only, as you take the next straight step forward, as you stand strong where you are now, so only can you think the curtain will draw back, and there will be revealed to you what lies beyond.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

A long face shortens your list of friends.

The secret of happiness is not in doing what one likes, but in liking what one has to do.
—*James M. Barrie.*

THE BLIGHT OF CASTE IN INDIA

If it is large enough for a cow to turn around in, a village well in India may be used even by the lowest castes without defiling it.

If it is too small for a cow to turn around in, those of the lowest castes must go elsewhere for their water.

This illustrates to the Western mind the absurdity of the caste system which "has blighted India for centuries, and impoverished and embittered one-fifth of the human race."

Western writers have described this strange institution which India received as a heritage from her early conquerors. Now we have a native Indian, Dr. G. S. Ghurye, a Ph.D. of Canterbury, reader in Sociology in the University of Bombay, describing it for us in his "Caste and Race in India" (Alfred A. Knopf). His verdict is much the same as that of Miss Mayo. He has nothing to say in favor of a system that elevates a few to the pinnacle of opportunity and condemns so many millions to such a hopeless degradation that even the shadow of one of them pollutes a passing Brahman.

We read, however, that the problem is receiving the attention of Indians themselves, and that the long, slow fight to raise the depressed classes to a position where they may attain some semblance of human rights and privileges is under way. Natural processes are already at work. The system is not recognized by the missionaries of Islam and Christianity; British rule finds no place for it, and now and then Hindus themselves break away from this age-old slavery to custom.

At the summit of the system stands the Brahman who proudly monopolizes the priesthood and gives religious sanction to his position. At the bottom are the Sudras, whose very touch pollutes the Brahman. A Sudra may not use the village well or even live in the village. He is less than the dust under the Brahman's feet. Even eternity holds little hope for him.

Says Dr. Ghurye:

"So rigid are the rules about defile-

ment which is supposed to be carried with them by all Brahmans, that the latter will not perform even their abolutions within the precincts of a Sudra's habitation. Generally the washerman and barber that serve the general body of villagers will not render their services to the unclean and untouchable castes. Even a modern Brahman doctor, when feeling the pulse of a Sudra, first wraps up the patient's wrist with a small piece of silk so that he may not be defiled by touching his skin. . . .

"All over India the impure castes are debarred from drawing water from the village well which is used by the members of other castes. In the Maratha country a Mahar—one of the untouchables—might not spit on the road lest a pure-caste Hindu should be polluted by touching it with his foot, but had to carry an earthen pot, hung from his neck, in which to spit. Further, he had to drag a thorny branch with him to wipe out his footprints and to lie at a distance prostrate on the ground if a Brahman passed by, so that his foul shadow might not defile the holy Brahman.

"In the Punjab, where restrictions regarding pollution by proximity have been far less stringent than in other parts of India, a sweeper, while walking through the streets of the larger towns, was supposed to carry a broom in his hand or under his armpit as a mark of his being a scavenger, and had to shout out to the people warning them of his polluting presence.

"The schools, maintained at public cost, are practically closed to such impure castes as the Chamars and Maharas. Both teachers and pupils in the schools make it most difficult for low-caste boys to sit in the classrooms."

Certain sacraments may not be performed by any caste other than the Brahmans, we read. The most sacred literature is denied to the Sudras. The impure castes, and particularly the untouchables, may not enter even the outer portions of a temple, but must keep to the courtyards. In Northern India some

of the lower castes carry their reverence for the Brahmans to such extremes that they will not cross the shadow of a Brahman, and sometimes will not take their food without sipping water in which the big toe of a Brahman is dipped.

The social differentiation is a very wide-spread feature of human society, but nowhere has it been carried to such an extreme as in India. In by far the larger number of communities the individual's status depends on his ability. But in India birth settles destiny. The desire of the Indo-Aryan conquerors to preserve their racial purity and the social classifications they had already established developed into a fixed and elaborate religio-social system in which the lowest classes were little more than the beasts of the field.

Today there is a "many-sided" attack on caste, says Dr. Ghurye. It is being undermined by education of the depressed classes, by economic conditions, by Islam and Christianity, and by the British Government, which can not administer law, run a railroad, or combat a plague without ignoring caste.

"The campaign," writes Dr. Ghurye, "has in no small measure benefited by the efforts made by Christian and Mohammedan missionaries to convert the depressed classes to their faiths. The more reasonable section of the high-caste Hindus have sensed a real danger to their faith in allowing their doctrine of untouchability to drive away into the folds of other faiths members of the untouchable castes — members who have been quite good and devout Hindus."

Even for Gandhi, who abhors the spectacle of untouchability, caste is a dilemma. He is one of those who would change the system by consolidating all the subcastes into the four traditional groups of the early Hindu society. But when he preaches against untouchability, he meets with protests. "In the beginning of 1925," we read, "a number of merchants of Bombay, among whom were included some of the leading public men, convened a meeting of orthodox Hindus. Almost every speaker de-

nounced what they called the heresies of Gandhi in respect of untouchability, and declared that the Hindu religion was in danger at his hands. It is more or less clear," adds Dr. Ghurye, "that the conflict will last for some time to come, and it is the duty of those who have no belief in untouchability to preach its abolition and to demonstrate their belief in their own conduct."

The true remedy against the evil of social discrimination, says Dr. Ghurye, is to fight it without compromise. Thus:

"It is caste-patriotism that must be killed. . . . Every educated and progressive Hindu leader ought to ignore caste. He must not only denounce the institution on the platform and in the press, but must show by his way of living that his professions are sincere. He should never associate himself with any caste council, even though it may be doing some little immediate good to its members, always remembering that even the good emanating from a fundamental evil is so much tainted that it loses the moral characteristics of the good.

"If prominent leaders continue dining into the ears of their followers that thinking in terms of caste is an unadulterated evil, and if they further carry out their precepts in practice we are sure the sentiment of caste loyalty will slowly die a natural death. We have to create an atmosphere where even partially educated people should be ashamed of boasting of their caste, and of decrying the caste of others in place of the present situation where individuals proudly and blatantly speak of their castes and caste-associations."

Inter caste marriage, education of the untouchables, and a priesthood open to all are suggested as specific means to the end. Skeptics might shake their heads and say that such a revolution is not possible in the lethargic types of Indian climes. But Dr. Ghurye would remind them "that this apparently lethargic land and its peoples have, in the past, proved themselves capable of truly great achievements. The phenomenon of the conquering Indo-Aryans,

who were passionate eaters of flesh and drinkers of intoxicating beverages, settling down as the upper castes of Hindu society, and abjuring their coveted food and drink for centuries, is a moral triumph of the people of India for which there is hardly any parallel in human history. The same people, now called upon to throw off caste, would rise to the occasion and achieve a still greater triumph."

—*Literary Digest.*

HILLS

You have not lived until you know a hill
That stands above a river. Elms are
there,
And maples for September, and the
pine—
That strange tree-god that never sleeps
at all.

Dead hills there are over the wide land,
Whose rivers have forsaken them to
winds,
Whose rivers have forsaken them and
gone
Silently forever into the sea.

Young hills there are in new and treeless
lands,
Whose rivers ride like furies on their
backs,
Cloud-born in tumult, raging for a day,
Leaving the young hills desolate and
torn.

But there are hills whose rivers tend
them well
And quench their thirst beneath the
summer sun;
These are the hills that laugh with early
buds
And chant the ancient epics of the trees.

You have not lived until you love a hill
That stands above a river. Oaks are
there,
And sycamores for moonlight; and the
pine—
That strange tree-god that watches over
all.

—*John Russell McCarthy.*

INSECT POLICE

Science, in its war against insect pests, which annually destroy about ten per cent of the world's crops, has enlisted, as its most potent weapon, an insect police force. The fact that there is hardly an insect which is not preyed upon by some other has been turned to advantage in the fight against harmful bugs and flies. For instance, the green fly, which damages roses, has a powerful foe in the larva of the ladybird, and ichneumon flies keep the devastation of caterpillars within bounds. When a plague of destructive insects is reported, flying squads are immediately imported to battle them. Such policemen insects have been sent to Australia, New Zealand, Canada, India, Africa, and the West Indies, and each year are making longer and longer journeys to do battle, in the cause of science, on their natural enemies.

—*Christian Register.*

THE PEACE OF THE WORLD

Then will arise the strong prophetic
voice,
All tremulous with many peoples' fears,
And earnest with the interest of years,
To call a world of nations to rejoice,
As of one family of blood and choice;
To close the account of war and its
arrears,
And all its varied cruelty and tears,
Its shallow love of country, blent with
noise!
When will it ever sound? Yet every soul
That loves its human kind must deeply
long
To haste the progress to the golden goal
That means quietus of the giant wrong,
And makes a world-wide peace and its
control
The blessed burden of Earth's triumph-
song!

Benjamin R. Bulkeley.

Life's a pudding full of plums,
Care's a canker that benumbs,
Wherefore waste our elocution
On impossible solution?
Life's a pleasant institution,
Let us take it as it comes.

—*W. S. Gilbert.*

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BEAR CREEK SCHOOL LEARNS A LESSON

"My Daddy says that if the Hanks family weren't so downright shiftless, they wouldn't be so hard up that the neighbors would have to give them food," stated Jean Ware in her emphatic way.

"Oh, but they have been so unfortunate," said Molly Holden, who always had a kind word for everyone. "You know their crops were destroyed by hail last spring, and in the blizzard last month they lost most of their livestock."

"If I had a hundred dollars, I'd give it every bit to the Hankses," piped up Chubby Gordon, a little first grade boy.

Then everybody laughed, for Chubby's overwhelming generosity was a standing joke. He had been known to give his best shoes to a child who needed them more than he.

But the woes of the Hanks family were soon forgotten in a lively discussion of the box social that the Bear Creek school was to give that evening.

The girls and women in the district were all to bring suppers in gayly decorated boxes. Then, after a program by the pupils, the boxes were to be auctioned off, the highest bidder of each box winning the privilege of eating with the one who had brought the box. The proceeds of the social were to be used to buy new play apparatus for the school.

Molly Holden was in charge of the affair and, when evening came, she could hardly wait to eat her supper before counting the money. Then, while people stood in groups chatting sociably, she went to her desk in the back of the room, and surrounded by several other pupils, she poured it all out. A happy cry rose from the group when it was found that the proceeds amounted to \$47.65. The long-wished-for swings and trapezes and bars for the Bear Creek school were soon to be a reality.

The group scattered as Molly scooped

the money up in a chalk box and slipped it into her desk. Then she ran off to skip about from group to group of her neighbors for a time of sociability before going home.

Soon people began to depart, but Molly lingered until nearly everyone had left, for she loved people and did not want to lose a moment's fun. But at last she noticed that her father and Bunny and Jerry, her brother and sister, were becoming impatient, so she ran back to her desk to get the box of money. And it was gone! She searched frenziedly. Took everything out of her desk. But the box of money was not there.

A most unhappy Molly joined her waiting family outside. Nor did it help matters to be told that it was all her own fault—that she should never have left the money for a moment. But Molly, whose faith in human nature was boundless, could scarcely believe that anyone had stolen the money, although it seemed evident that someone had. And Molly was responsible. Somehow she would have to repay that money. But how? She had no idea how this could be done.

She spent an almost sleepless night and the next morning plodded slowly to school to face her schoolmates with the confession that she had failed in her responsibility—that through her carelessness the money for the play apparatus had disappeared. It was bitterly hard to do, but Molly faced it as bravely as possible.

"But I'll pay every cent of the money back," she added. "I don't know how, but I'll find some way to earn it."

"It will take you years to earn that much money," said George Burns scornfully. "And in the meantime we go without play apparatus! A fine one you are!"

Molly flushed scarlet, and it was scant consolation when a few of her friends rallied to her defense, for she sensed the feeling of resentment that

most of the children felt toward her. And it was true that, even though she would eventually pay the money back, it would take her sometime, and in the meantime her schoolmates would be deprived of the play apparatus.

At last the seemingly endless school day was at an end, but Molly sat in her seat until the rest of the pupils had left the room. She wanted to avoid her classmates for she realized that none of them were feeling very kindly toward her.

But at last she rose from her seat and left the schoolhouse. A group of children stood by the road. Molly intended to hurry past them, hoping that they would not notice her. But when she saw what was going on she stopped short.

George Burns was taunting little Chubby Gordon almost beyond endurance by holding the little fellow's cap out to him and then jerking it away every time he reached for it. Chubby was fairly prancing with exasperation and the other children were standing around laughing at the spectacle.

Molly could never tolerate injustice of any sort, and she always championed the under dog, so it did not take her long to elbow her way into the circle. She snatched Chubby's cap away from George Burns. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," she blazed at him. "Why don't you choose someone your own size? Only a coward and a bully would torment a little fellow like Chubby."

"Is that so?" sneered George. "Well, people in glass houses shouldn't throw stones. I'd rather be a coward and bully than a thief."

Molly gasped. "Are you calling me a thief, George Burns?"

George shrugged his shoulders. "If you aren't, prove it by producing the box social money."

Molly's eyes were blazing. "You don't think I took that money, do you?"

"You had the money. Now you say it's gone. Either produce the money or the thief," mumbled George, beginning

to feel rather ashamed of himself.

Then Chubby, so lately championed by Molly, now sprang to her defense. Jumping in front of George, he shook his tiny fist in the big boy's face. "Don't you dare say that Molly took that money," he cried. "She didn't. I took it myself!"

"You?" cried everyone in chorus.

He nodded miserably, all his bravado gone.

"But Chubby, why? Where is it?" cried Molly.

"I gived it away," said the little fellow.

"Gave it away! Who to?" cried Molly.

"Well, you know the Hankses?" said Chubby. "I felt sorry for them. They haven't even got enough to eat. And no one will help them much. So I took the box of money and dumped it on their kitchen floor when no one was looking, and ran"—he commenced to blubber. "But I didn't think that was st-stealing. I didn't think it would get M-Molly into trouble." And he buried his face in Molly's skirt.

For a while the circle of children was silent; then Lora Bicknell spoke up: "You know, I believe Chubby did just right, although of course it was wrong to take the money. But we have been selfish about the Hanks family. We all knew they needed help, yet none of us felt that we could afford to do much for them. All the same, we went and planned to get expensive play apparatus that we don't really need—when some of our neighbors haven't enough to eat."

"I think so, too," admitted Jean Ware. "I'm ashamed of the way we've acted about the Hanks family. I'm glad Chubby did what he did. Let's pretend now that that's the way we planned it—that we wanted to do good with that money, instead of using it for our own selfish purpose."

Tears of thanksgiving flooded Molly's eyes. "Then you—you don't expect me to pay that money back?" she quavered.

"Of course not," cried Jean. "It's

just that we've changed our minds about how we want to use the social money. We've found a better way. Isn't that right?" she asked the group of children.

"Yes! Yes!" they cried in unison. "That's the way we want it."

"Oh, I'm glad!" cried Molly. "I'm glad my carelessness turned out to be not so bad after all. But anyway I've learned my lesson. I'll never be so careless with other people's property again."

Chubby lifted a tear-stained face to Molly and sobbed: "Was—was I awful naughty? I didn't mean to be."

"You were naughty in a way," said Molly gently. "But your naughtiness was like mine—it turned out all right this time. But it probably wouldn't next time. So we must never do it again. It's nice to be generous, Chubby. You've shown the rest of us how selfish

we were. But after this, honey, don't use other people's property to be generous with. Will you remember that?"

"Yes, I'll 'member," promised Chubby.

And the pupils of Bear Creek School all went home feeling in their hearts the beneficent power of a lesson learned. Even George Burns wore a rather shamefaced and thoughtful expression as he trudged along the road.

—Doris Garst in *Christian Science Monitor*.

We should never attempt to bear more than one kind of trouble at once. Some people bear three kinds—all they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have.—*Edward Everett Hale*.

The big oak did not grow from a little acorn that had no ambition.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

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